

SOCIAL CIRCLES

Those who minister to the social element in Lincoln are courageous; but the warm weather of the past two weeks has repressed enthusiasm to such an extent that to all appearances society is in a comatose state.

Indoor parties are now quite out of the question, and for some reason lawn fetes are not popular.

It is too hot to picnic and coach. In fact, it has been too hot to do anything but stay at home and sizzle.

There is an increasing exodus to Chicago. In fact, it seems as though half of one's acquaintances are at the fair, and the sea shore and the mountains have attracted their quota. The stay-at-homes are getting ready to go away, or are waiting for the time for their departure to come around, and they are perfectly willing to remain quiet.

Of all kinds of social functions, weddings alone seem to be beyond the influence of the weather. July weddings are almost as plentiful as were June weddings. Several are in prospect for the remainder of the month. There will be one notable wedding on the 29th.

Those who are compelled to stay at home and who must have amusement, seek it these warm evenings at the various pleasure resorts. Lincoln park and Burlington Beach are just now social Meccas.

Wright-Rutherford.

A notable wedding occurred Tuesday at high-noon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Rutherford at 1501 S street. The contracting parties were Miss Alice Rutherford and Mr. Lewis Wright of Toronto, Canada. The ceremony was performed by Dr. C. C. Lauby of the St. Paul Methodist Episcopal church. Only near friends and relatives were present. After the impressive ceremony and congratulations had been showered upon the happy young couple by all present, an elegant wedding breakfast was served, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon they took their departure for their new Canadian home. They were accompanied as far as Chicago by the bride's brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Rutherford. During Miss Rutherford's residence in Lincoln she has made many warm friends who testified their esteem in a very practical manner and whose well wishes follow the young couple to their new home. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Rutherford of Minneapolis; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Mason, Fairbury; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. James Lloyd, and others.

A Pretty Morning Wedding.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Gadd at Bethany Heights was handsomely decorated in readiness for the marriage of their daughter, Miss E. T. Gadd to Rev. A. D. Harmon of Auburn, which occurred at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning. The ceremony was performed by Professor Alloworth of Cotner university under beautiful floral drapery between the handsomely decorated parlors and in the presence of nearly a hundred guests. After the ceremony and the happy young couple had received the hearty congratulations of all present a sumptuous wedding breakfast was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Harmon started for Auburn followed by a shower of rice and old shoes. After a brief visit at the groom's old home there they go to his future field of work in Helena, Montana, where he will become pastor of the Christian church. The young couple were members of the same class at Cotner university for the past four years and graduated together this year. They have a large circle of friends in this city who wish them much happiness and prosperity in their new home.

Farmers' Club Meeting.

The Lancaster County Farmer's club met Thursday at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Secman. A large number were present. The usual social dinner was given, followed by a general discussion of the subject of "Beef Production." Mr. A. Greenmeyer gave an interesting description of his visit to the Columbian exposition. Mrs. C. M. Branson gave a select reading and Miss Hattie Temple gave a recitation. After this delightful program delicious ice cream was served, and the discussion of winter feed for stock was profitably discussed. A vote of thanks was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Secman for their hospitality, and the club adjourned to meet at the residence of Mr. C. E. Blanchard August 3.

Minor Mention.

The W. E. C. held their regular meeting at Lincoln park Saturday afternoon. The two new members, Misses Georgie Camp and Stella Curtice, were present and all had a jolly good time. They were chartered by Mrs. Pruitt, an ex-member. Those present were Misses Stella Curtice, Georgie Camp, Nelia Cochran, Blanche Garten, Maude Lyons, Grace Hunsinger, Mabel Metcalf, Edith Parish, Elsie Smith, Florence Marley. The menu committee was Miss Nelia Cochran and Miss Georgie Camp.

The Lincoln oratorio society assisted by the assembly chorus gave a grand concert at the Nebraska Chautauque assembly at Omaha last evening under



THEODORE THOMAS.

The fight over Theodore Thomas, director of music at the World's Fair, has given his already famous name unusual prominence. Despite the warring factions, Director Thomas is still at the head of the music department.

Old Dobbin.

I was old Dobbin through the fence. How wash he looks, and old!

His hair is falling off in spots he feels the damp and cold. He hangs his head, his step is slow; 'tis plain enough to see His thirty years are more to him than fifty are to me.

He shall not work another lot—not that he would complain; But from this hour he never shall know the touch of whip or rein. Of all the horses on the farm he's been the best, I should have thought of it before, but now he shall have rest.

I call to my mind the colt he was, and how I broke him in. Whew! how he kicked and pranced and plunged; 'twas doubtful which would win. But I was young as well as he and would not be denied. And since he's been as safe a nag as man would wish to ride.

Then in my happy courting days he knew the very night That I would swing the stable door and greet him with delight. He knew the girl I loved was waiting far away and fair. He seemed to say, "Twill not be long before I take you there!"

Then on my wedding day he stood with others at the church. No doubt he thought for just that once I left him in the lurch. One face, one form, that day of days, was all that I could see. I did not think of Dobbin then, what'er he thought of me.

And when the years had brought their grief, and I learned joy's reverse, He drew the little ones and me behind the gloomy hearth. I cannot say that he divined how lonely was my lot. But since he has not been the same; I know that I have not!

And so through gladness and through grief old Dobbin has been near. No wonder that he looks so old when I have grown so sore. I know full well that fifty years is youth to many men; 'Tis not the years, but that my heart has reached threescore and ten!

So while I live his falling life shall naught but comfort know. Old Dobbin, as I said at first, shall never feel rein or blow. The best of oats, the sweetest hay, the field to wander free. Shall all be his—a poor return for all he's been to me!

—William L. Keese.

Hotel Manager—You are looking for a job, eh? Where were you last employed? Applicant—At the dime museum. I am the India rubber man. Hotel Manager—Don't say. And how do you expect we can make use of you? Applicant—As "bouncer," sir!—Boston Courier.

A Commendable Ambition.

Old Gentleman—What would you like to be when you grow up? Boy—I'd like to be a bricklayer. "That's a commendable ambition. Why would you like to be a bricklayer?" "Cause there's so many days when bricklayers can't work."—Good News.

A Slight Error.

Coykendall (who is engaged to one of the Tremlow twins)—You do look alike, and some people can't tell you apart, but I have no difficulty. You have a distingue air that Jessie lacks entirely. The Odd Twin—Please, Jack, I am Jessie. —Judge.

Fully Qualified For the Task.

"I see that Snuggs is preparing an article entitled 'Curiosities of Orthography.' Where did he obtain the material for such a paper?" "Why, man, he has been the employer of seven typewriters."—New York Press.

Who It Was.

Jinks—When burglars were in your house the other night, did Mrs. Filkins look under the bed for a man? Filkins—Yes, and I found one too! Jinks—One of the burglars? Filkins—No, me.—Harper's Bazaar.

Not Sold.

Dora—How do you like my new slippers? Cora—Fine! I shall have to get a pair like them. Dora—I am afraid you are too late. When I got these yesterday, there were no larger sizes left.—Quips.

What Hurt.

"I don't enjoy the roasting the critics gave me, of course," said the aspiring tragedian, looking sadly at a portrait of himself in an illustrated paper, "but this—is the unkindest cut of all."—Chicago Tribune.

A Powerful Motive.

Genevieve—Why don't you break off with him if you don't like him? Rosalie—Because then that odious Miss Willings would get him.—Chicago Record.

A Measure of Economy.

"Wasn't Cholly's marriage rather sudden?" "Yes, he found that a longer engagement would break him."—Detroit Tribune.

A SEASIDE PICTURE.

THE GIRL OLIVE HARPER DESCRIBES MAKES ONE.

Dreams of Delicate Beauty in Dress. Handsomely Gowned Young Ladies at Long Branch—Fashions in Eloquent and Witty Phrases.

(Special Correspondence.)

LONG BRANCH, July 13.—Some of these days there will be nothing left of Long Branch but a hole in the ground, and some of us utter a fervent hope that all the backmen will be piled in the bottom of that hole, for they are Philistines. But every year old ocean takes a new bite out of the shrinking shore down here, and every year the bluffs grow smaller, and some day, as I said, the great Atlantic will rise in his might, and not to make two bites of a cherry swallow the whole place.

What, then, will become of the pretty girls and lovely matrons who think life is not worth living without Long Branch? There be those that love Newport, others who think Saratoga is just hot enough for them, others who prefer Bar Harbor, but when one loves Long Branch it is with a deep and abiding affection that outlasts seasons. There is so much more to Long Branch than anywhere else for those who frequent it that mothers instill love and appreciation for it into their baby daughters, and fathers initiate their sons into its delights.

"Are fashions fashionable at Long Branch?" was the question put to me today. I think they are, if my eyes do not deceive me, though I have a pair of blue specs on. Witness a lovely girl ready for a ride out to that delightful, shady little hostelry where you can sit in the garden, eat fried crabs and ice cream and watch the fishermen get water bil-



MORNING AT LONG BRANCH.

ters on the backs of their necks to take home instead of fish. This pretty girl had a dress of hopsacking of just the approved degree of coarseness in pale tan, and the skirt would form a circle as true as a trade dollar. Around that skirt she had three rows of bias mordore velvet and two rows of unplucked sealink. The waist was made of accordion plaited silk, trimmed with the velvet and fur in the same style as the skirt, with a square yoke of fur and velvet to protect her chest against the hot sunshine and warm land breeze.

This same young lady will in the evening wear a dress thin and filmy, and the neck will be bare to permit the chill evening wind to wander around and give her pneumonia as she promenades with somebody on the cool piazzas. Her hat is of red rough and ready straw, with mordore velvet and a snuff of feathers. Her sister, who got no invitation to ride behind a pair of high steppers, stays around the hotel and wears a blue and white striped satin sarah made plain almost to severity. A pale blue full front to the waist rises from a swiss girdle of the dark blue, bordered with a herringbone stitching in scarlet silk.

In the afternoon the ladies put on dainty gowns, for their husband and the other women's husbands, or the man they hope will be their own husband some day, begin to return from the city, or the fish pond, or some other place.

Now you may see one young lady in an old rose china silk, with large purple flower-de-luce lying as if crushed flat upon it. Around the bottom are three gauffered puffs of old rose satin and at the knees three more. The waist is the kind that is called baby and has a wide belt with four ropes of silver tinsel and pale purple silk. Similar ones border the neck, forming heading for the epaulets of lace. The sleeves are puffs, with a fall of lace coming to the elbow, where they are met with long suede gloves.



AFTERNOON AT LONG BRANCH.

There are wraps to be seen down here that would make your eyes water, so pretty they are, and parasols that are dreams of delicate beauty. There are tennis dresses and dancing dresses, riding habits, lounging gowns and hats—such hats!—so beautiful that you would think fairies had made them, and it seems as if gloves, slippers and hats were never worn but once here at Long Branch, for everything looks so bright and fresh and new that one enjoys the sight.

OLIVE HARPER.

A FAREWELL.

(Reported by the Moon.) "Good night, sweetheart!" said Strophon As the clock struck half past nine. "Good night, my love!" quoth Phyllis, With a kiss I wished were mine—

A kiss of lingering sweetness, Such as rarely comes to men— A kiss that was not over When the clock was striking ten.

"Good night, sweetheart!" quoth Strophon As the hands showed quarter past. "Good night, dear boy!" said Phyllis, With a kiss just like the last—

A kiss of clinging softness, Such as kings might quarrel o'er— A kiss that was not over At eleven thirty-four.

Then each the words repeated, With the usual refrain, And when at one 'twas finished They observed good night again.

And then I had to leave them, For my time had come to set. When next I gazed down on them, They were saying good night yet.

I think I see why poets Speak of sorrow in love's spell; Its easy seems mingled With perpetual farewell. —Peggy Pattison in Life.

The Stern Parent.



"I shall be everlastingly disgraced, father, if you don't help me out of this affair."



"You refuse me? Very well, I know what to do—I still have my revolver."



"T'LL PAW IT." —Harper's Dazzer.

What Bothered Him.

On a certain western railroad for convenience the locomotive is made to push the train down to the terminus instead of, as on the return trip, pulling the train after it. This circumstance occasioned great bewilderment of mind to a freshly made citizen of the place who was of Milesian origin.

"I kin aisy understand," he observed after watching this phenomenon one day, "how the injine pulls thim cars oop, but I'm bothered intoirly to understand how-iver thim cars pulls the injine down!"—Youth's Companion.

A Wise Discrimination.

A Norman gentleman, fond of the weed, offers his cigar case to his neighbor on the right.

"Much obliged, but I never smoke." He then turns to his neighbor on the left. "I am no smoker, thanks." His wife then whispers in his ear, "You haven't offered one to the captain!" "Not if I know it—he smokes!"—Annales Politiques et Littéraires.

To Sell.

As a youth Daniel Webster seemed somewhat opposed to physical labor, but he was quick at repartee. While mowing he complained to his father that his scythe was not hung properly. "Hang it to yourself, Dan," replied the paternal. The boy immediately hung it on a tree near by, saying, "There, father, it's hung to suit me now."—Green Bag.

Afraid of Nothing.

Customer—Didn't you tell me this horse was afraid of nothing? Dealer—That's just what I said. "Why, he shies at his own shadow." "Well, a shadow is about as near nothing as anything I know of."—New York Weekly.

Cultivating the Muse.

Poet—I have here some verses I would like to submit. They are not perfect, I admit. Perhaps they want fire. Editor—You are quite right, sir. Fire is what they want, but the wastebasket will do just as well.—Texas Siftings.

Why?

A young woman sent to a newspaper a poem entitled "I Cannot Make Him Smile" and was much displeased when the editor sent it back with a line saying that she would probably succeed if she showed him the poem.—Tit-Bits.

A Long, Long Time.

"Don't you think," the mother said proudly, "that her playing shows a remarkable finish?" "Yes," replied the young man absently, "but she was a long time getting to it."—Boston Globe.

Only One Cause.

Citizen—Don't you think you should look into the cause of the death of that man up in our flat? Coroner—It's not necessary. Dr. Killum attended him.—Yonkers Statesman.

An Important Query.

"What would you do without doctors?" "Well, we might get along, but what would the druggists do?"—Texas Siftings.

And It Got Right Up.

"I didn't know it was so late," said the valence, awaking from its long slumber. "I must start for fire."—Chicago Tribune.

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